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WITH A MISSION

EDITED BY TWO TRUTH TELLERS

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STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of NAKED TRUTH, published monthly at Minneapolis, Minn., for April 1st, 1922.

State of Minnesota, County of Hennepin—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared John C. Loerch, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner of the Naked Truth, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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JOHN C. LOERCH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1922.

(Seal) O. M. PEABODY.

My commission expires April 7th, 1922.

MOTHER'S DAY

HERE is to the Mothers of the world--just a little better than the angels, in that they are human. As many-sided as are hearts, so many-sided are they; as large as is our weakness, so large is their strength; as high as we go, they both lead and follow, and as deep as we fall, they stoop and reach. Every day is Mother's Day. To the Mothers of the world we send greeting.

SOME GIRL

SHE walked up to him with that innocent baby stare that sometimes cap-sheafs a bundle of dainty vampishness.

She put her face up close to his.

He swayed forward like an oak in a storm, then bracing himself said:

"Go away, woman, go away. You are the kind of woman that would make a man walk a barbed-wire fence in his bare feet with a wildcat under each arm."

———o———

We drink without being thirsty, and make love at any time; that is the only distinction between us and the other animals.

* * *

Men make laws, but women make morals.

* * *

From a short pleasure comes a long repentance.

* * *

If you would understand men, study women.

———o———

QUICK, BOY, THE DICTIONARY

ON a dark and stormy night, the baby of a rural couple was taken desperately sick--enough so to send the father to the nearby town for the doctor.

As the father was stabling the horse, the doctor entered the house, and looking at the baby, asked the mother:

"Was he costive, the baby?"

"Costive, he? No," answered the mother. "Ole and me, we raised him ourselves, and our time ain't worth much."

THE GOOD GIRL

CONFUCIUS said, "A virtuous woman will not paint her face; a beautiful woman does not need to."

The question is so often asked by the man of the street and the store, "Where are the good girls of today?"

As the bare-necked, bare-kneed, painted-faced, brazen-eyed, careless girl of the majority--the so-called "flapper," alone, with her "lounge lizard" or worse "friend," or in gangs or "coveys," haunts the stores, theatres, cafes, shops and streets; a lover of the human race asks himself seriously, "Where are the good girls, the daughters of the good mothers of yesterday, and the to-be mothers of the generation that is to come?"

Sometimes a man feels that his own mother, his wife and his well-watched daughter are all that are left, but like the prophets hidden in the cave in Elijah's time, there are hidden away in the homes of America millions of good girls, the salvation of the race of today.

Tastily but modestly gowned, loved, guarded and kept in homes presided over by mother hearts, unseen in solo or gang work on the streets, seldom at the theatre, never at the midnight cafe, these girls are developing those virtues of mind, and heart and body that will make them in the moral and social renaissance that is sure to come, what the leading women of the 15th and 16th centuries were, the saviors of the race.

A burden-lifter to her mother, a solace, a comfort and an added anchor to her father's heart, a pal in work and play and an inner light to the growing conscience and consciousness of her brother; this girl, in thousands of homes, learning by experience the routine of home work, the importance of family life, the worth-while of the home evening, the richness of her own soul; taking time to dream in the quiet, dreams that may be visions and prophecies of a large

place in the life she is weaving into her soul, as unpainted as is her face, the fibre that will make her the stronghold of virtue to the boy who will one day come her way as the father of her God-given children, whom she will fibre into the same worth-while humanity that home life worked out in her. She can laugh without blushing, she can dance with a clean mind, she can hum without "shimmying," she can cook a meal, wash and iron a shirt, make and embroider a gown, knit a sweater, clean a house, bathe and dress a baby, care for a wound, reduce a fever.

She knows good music, good art and good books; she knows as much about what is in her head as what is on it.

She cares for her inner bodily health before her outward bodily adornment.

She dreams of her knight who will come, frankly, honestly, and proudly looking forward to the boys and girls who will be his and hers.

She carries with her the lighted lamp of the rarest thing in the world--a pure woman's personality that draws to itself, as a powerful magnet, the bravest, brainiest and best of manhood, which, roam where it will, turns in disgust from the embryo harlot to the girl of his dreams, who is always a good woman, the to-be mother of his sons.

She it is, who, when girlhood is past, when wifehood has become widowhood, and when motherhood has merged into grandmotherhood, or even farther, by virtue of the touch of the hand of God, which lay always in her good girl heart, will wield, so long as mind can plan or remember, and so long as heart can beat, a deciding influence in the lives of those about her.

When the soft mound hides the dear old face, the good girl, known as "My Mother," will sing from eternity into the hearts of sons and daughters, and into the hearts of their children.

The farmer has faith, hope and charity.
If things don't change, he will soon have only charity.

———o———

A BEAUTIFUL DAY

Each day is a beautiful day to me;
Days of sadness are never to be.
Happy am I the livelong day,
Giving the words of gladness alway.

I walk my way with the merry throng,
Singing a bit of a tuneful song;
The melody goes to one who is sad,
Just a bit of cheer that makes him glad.

Each moment of the day just past
I gave a beauteous thot to last;
In each soul sowed a happy seed;
Is that not a wonderful, beauteous deed?

Wonderful is it at night to say,
"I have helped make life worth while today;"
And when tomorrow's sun shall rise,
I'll call it one more paradise.

CARL E. MARTINSON.

———o———

Lambs, it is true, gambol, but in due time they all get fleeced.

* * *

It is not to be expected that the average man should know what a real woman is like--he so rarely sees one.

* * *

It is easier to moralize than to be moral.

CAREFUL, SISTER, CAREFUL

THE Minneapolis policewoman in charge of the Arcade dance hall probably has her hands full, if she is mindful of the things coming to our notice the few times we have attended.

The police matron and mothers of the Twin Cities are wonderful women in their work, and have been and are agencies for great good in the welfare of the city.

But the sister at the dance hall had a "zeal not according to knowledge" when she publicly snatched a copy of the April Naked Truth from the hands of a reputable young man and sought to have him ejected from the hall, declaring the magazine to be obscene and threatening to bring the publishers to justice.

The particular obscenity to which she objected was the little couplet:

I used to love my garden,
But now my love is dead;
I found a bachelor's button
In my black-eyed Susans' bed.

Again we say, "To the pure all things are rotten."
Sister, read the Naked Truth.
Cast your eye on "Let Us Remember."
Get the back numbers--

The battle you are supposed to fight is the one we are waging,--clean, healthful enjoyment and a setting forth of the principles of right living.

———o———

A sage, once asked as to what time one ought to begin to train a child, answered:

"Begin with his grandmother."

MOTHER EVE

BERNHARDT, at seventy years of age, as Eve in Adam and Eve, a four-act play by Secha Guetry, with an Adam only seven years her junior, ought to be a treat to Paris audiences.

If Eve could have told her story at Bernhardt's age, that snake would not have had much reputation left.

Eve hardly comes to us save as a giddy young thing.

Some years ago a writer in one of the magazines gave a word picture of aged Eve, as she left the limp form of decrepit Adam to stagger back, see Cain, and in defiance of God, catch a glimpse of Eden and die there in her old home.

It was a sordid, sorry figure; but defiant Eve till the death at God's hand in Eden.

———o———

AUNT ANISE PALMER

AUNT ANISE PALMER, a member of the Mount Zion African Baptist Church of Maryville, Mo., was intensely religious and at the same time had some leanings toward high art.

Her favorite child, a light mulatto, was married to a "house man" and had rather a pretentious home. Aunt Anise coveted for her daughter the decorations of the more pretentious homes.

She often cast covetous eyes at a headless winged Victory--that of Samothrace--which stood at the end of a reception hall.

At last Anise figured the thing out.

Standing one day, dust rag in hand, she let loose the tongue of a long-slumbering desire and resolve:

"President Cook," said she, "would you mind tellin' me where I kin git one of them there John the Baptists, and what it costs? I'd like one for Alice's house."

THE QUESTION

"Now, friends and comrades," said the street corner politician, after a long speech made in the pouring rain, "any questions?"

"Yes," piped all that remained of his audience, an urchin, "Can I 'ave the box you're standing on to make a go-cart with?

———o———

A New York silk merchant went to the bank to get his note renewed.

"I am sorry," said the banker, "but it will be absolutely impossible for me to renew your note."

The silk merchant's face paled. After a moment of thought he looked up at the banker and asked:

"Were you ever in the silk business?"

"Why of course not," answered the banker.

"Well, you're in it now," said the silk merchant as he picked up his hat and went out.

———o———

SUBMITTED

After a young lawyer had talked nearly five hours to a jury, who felt like lynching him, his opponent, a grizzled old veteran, arose, looked sweetly at the judge, and said:

"Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument.

———o———

And I sit and think when the sunsets gold,
Is flooding the river and hill and shore,
I shall some day sit by the river side
And list for the sound of the boatmen's oar.

———o———

Every dog has his day, but we presume the nights are reserved for the cats.

ANNE MORGAN

AESOP died too soon. There have been some delicately subtile moves made recently that that old bird had no thought of.

He certainly would crack a wise one, were he in Miss Anne Morgan's American audiences.

Miss Morgan, the woman, is no doubt, beyond all peradventure and question, a fine woman of a very rare type, a benefactor to all those who in a personal way come to her individual attention.

Her charities are large, sane and soulful. Her work in France is almost unparalleled.

A wonderful woman is Anne Morgan.

Miss Morgan's heart is doubtless alright--that is, as nearly right as the heart of a daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan can be right toward humanity.

She is to be judged in the light of the environment which developed her.

Had Miss Morgan continued as a private individual to dispense and use, as the law gives her the right to, the funds left her by the so-called--the least said the soonest mended--philanthropic father, J. Pierpont Morgan, it would have been none of our business, although we might have had our own think.

But when Miss Morgan comes as she does before the American people with her present plea for France, using her social position and great wealth to further her own aims and ideas, it is our time to speak. When America is called on to take action to contribute monies and to wipe out indebtednesses, it is ours to ask where that call comes from and who makes it and why.

Miss Morgan's sympathy is doubtlessly righteously aroused. We do not question that, neither do we question her honesty in the matter, but we do question her judgment and utter lack of good taste and a sense of the fitness of things, as a member of the Morgan family, in attempting to put her present program over in person.

It is laughable, the picture of Miss Morgan occupying an expensive suite of rooms at a hotel, begging for money for France and receiving about four thousand dollars, in a city with eighteen hundred men in its bread line, caring for six hundred ex-service men, and having a list of over two thousand totally dependent families, when Miss Morgan's daily income would probably more than cover the whole budget; asking in addition to contributions, a cancelling of France's war debt in a land too poor to feed and house its maimed and insane soldiers in comfort.

Miss Morgan is too mature a woman to put as naively as she does her war debt cancellation project.

When we come to consider the fact that France borrowed this same money to buy war materials largely in America, and that the money for these materials was paid largely, or is still owed, to the firms with which Miss Morgan and her friends are closely allied, it strikes us from an "appeal" standpoint as "not so good."

If the interests with which the name Morgan is almost synonymous had made any move to pay back to "poor shell-torn France" any part of the price of the purchased war materials or had made any move for the cancellation of sums yet due them, it would have been a wonderful thing for these same interests to have sent out an evangel of generosity; the heart of America would have leaped to respond.

But when back of the "evangel" the public hears this overtone:

"We got ours, France paid us; what she has not paid, she will pay. Now, in order that she may put herself in a financial condition where she may continue to pay us what she owes us, and may have the ready cash to continue to buy from us, we suggest to you, the people of the United States, the already overtaxed farmer and laborer, and you the uncompensated returned soldier, that you forgive France the debt she

owes you that she may pay us, and let the common people of America hold the bag."

Not so pretty, not so pretty.

As you were, Miss Morgan.

———o———

"I walked past your house today."

"Thank you."

———o———

DR. RICK-E-T-T! O DR. RICKETT!

THE statement is made, based on authentic authority, that the liquor business of Florida has outgrown in bulk and in cash receipts the fruit business of that state.

Some idea of the magnitude of that statement may be gained by calling to mind the fact that Florida ranks with California as one of the greatest fruit-producing states of the Union.

With her intricate coast line and the narrow stretch from Atlantic to Gulf, the state of Ponce de Leon bids fair to rival her near neighbor, Cuba, in bidding for the palm as a temporary joy-giver.

With the Atlantic and Pacific coast lines alive with rum agents, the Mexican border practically open, and Canadian officials actually stationed on the American border to collect taxes on liquor being openly shipped into the states, it seems the enforcement of the Volstead act is not equipped with sufficient repressing force to make it successful.

Either enforce the law strictly or wipe it from the statute books. Nothing breaks the morale of a nation or a people more quickly than laws laxly or lazily enforced.

———o———

There are prating coxcombs in the world, who would rather talk than listen, although Shakespeare were the orator, and human nature the theme.

WISE CRACKS

Our Fatherland is where we have friends.

* * *

The tongue of a woman is her sword, which she seldom lets rust.

* * *

Tell the truth and you will shame the devil; you will also surprise him very often.

* * *

He who looks after his wife and his house has enough to do.

* * *

Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy, and wily sinuosities of worldly affairs; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.

* * *

Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.

* * *

As no roads are so rough as those which have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

* * *

The bandit industry has its little faults, but there has been no public scandal connected with it as yet.--Baltimore Sun.

WE ARE SEVEN

I met a little cottage girl
She was eight years old she said
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air
And she was wildly clad
Her eyes were fair and very fair
Her beauty made me glad.

Sisters and brothers, Little Maid
How many may you be?
Mow many? Seven in all, she said
And wondering looked at me.

And where are they? I pray you tell,
She answered, Seven are we
And two of us at Conway dwell
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church yard lie
My sister and my brother
And in the church yard cottage I
Dwell near them with my Mother.

You say that two at Conway dwell
And two are gone to sea
Yet ye are seven, I pray you tell
Sweet maid how this may be.

Then did the little maid reply
Seven boys and girls are we
Two of us in the church yard lie
Beneath the church yard tree.

You run about my little maid
Your limbs they are alive
If two are in the church yard laid
Then ye are only five.

Their graves are green, they may be seen
The Little Maid replied
Twelve steps or more from Mother's door
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit
My kerchief there I hem
And there at eve I often sit
And sing a song to them.

And often after sunset, sir
When it is bright and fair
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was Sister Jane
In bed she moaning lay
Till God relieved her of the pain
And then she went away.

So in the church yard she was laid
And when the grass was dry
Together round her grave we played
My Brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow
And I could run and slide
My Brother John was forced to go
And he lies by her side.

How many are you then? said I,
If they two are in heaven,
Quick was the Little Maids reply
O, Master, we are seven.

But they are dead, those two are dead
Their spirits are in heaven
'Twas throwing words away for still
The little maid would have her will and said;
nay we are seven.

—Wm. Wordsworth.

Diogenes observed a boy known to be the son of a courtesan, throwing a stone into a crowd; he called out to him, "Mind you don't hit your father, boy!"

* * *

A market-place has been defined as "a space marked out for the purpose of cheating."

* * *

When asked what wine he liked best, Diogenes replied, "That which comes out of a friend's cellar."

* * *

Socrates was asked whether it were better to marry or not to marry, and replied, "Whichever you do, you will regret it."

* * *

When once asked which creature gives the worst bite, Laertes replied, "Of wild beasts, the Informer; of tame beasts, the Flatterer."

* * *

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

* * *

The first half of life is spent in longing for the second; the second half in regretting the first.

* * *

Trust in God, but keep a sharp lookout on your friends.

* * *

The knowledge that virtue is its own reward is what deters many from well-doing.

Angela Morgan in a volume "The Hour Has Struck," by the Astor Press of New York, has assembled a set of poems, that for daring and spiritual bravery are not to be excelled.

Stand Forth and The Passport are from this collection.

———o———

THE PASSPORT

The soul is stronger than its sin,
The man is greater than his crime,
All for us urge the upward climb
And keep the fallen one to win.

No more may pulpits preach the lie,
The centuries have stumbled by,
The man is higher than his fall,
Else he were never man at all.

O Soul, who kneelest in the dust
Stand up and face the noonday light,
Stand up and make thy gallant fight
The man is larger than his lust.

Though dogma trample thee to hell,
Press on, I tell thee, all is well,
No sin, no shame can shackle thee
For thou art God's and God is Free
The world may sneer thine upward climb,
But then are greater than thy crime.

Press on, press on, be not afraid—
Would God condemn the thing he made?
Hurl then thy cry 'gainst heaven's gate—
God must admit thee, soon or late—
Thy passport? Saints could ask no more—
Image at thy very core.

EDDIE FOY

AMY LESLIE remarking about Eddie Foy, after his heroic efforts to save life at the famous Iroquois Theatre fire: "No armored knight, cased in steel, ever stood a more heroic test," did not say as big a thing as when Augustus Thomas stated that "Eddie Foy had a Mother heart."

No one on the American stage has for so long a time scattered as much clean wholesome sunshine as this man who today, after fifty years on the boards, with his kiddies about him, remarks with a knowing twinkle in his eyes: "It took me a long time to get this act together."

One has hardly recovered from the last remark before, half in earnest and half in fun, Mr. Foy remarks: "Every time the New York police find a lost child they bring it to me." And as one looks at that row of happy, healthy, intelligent youngsters he feels within himself that it wouldn't be so bad to be a youngster lost in New York after all.

Some of the kiddies are growing up and there is just a tinge of sadness in the statement: "If the late war had not stopped, I would either have had to get a new act or raise another family, and I am too old for the service."

Eddie Foy, the comedian, behind the footlights is one man, but in his dressing room, with first one little Foy and then another coming to the door with, "Say, Pop, this and that—." Mr. Foy the father, philosopher, philanthropist and poet is quite another fellow. There one gets a glimpse of the man.

"Come in and sit down. Sure, I always have time. Yes, I like to talk. What is it you want, Tech? It's right there in the trunk. No, the other one. You see, their mother is gone and am Father and Mother to them, too."

So run the minutes with Eddie Foy.

"Children of the stage," said Mr. Foy. "Why should they not be? My children are not employed,

they are my family being raised with me in my work, to follow in my steps, same as any man in any other vocation. The stage is their home a part of the year.

"School? Course they do. Do they look wild or ignorant? In every city where I play I arrange ahead of time for a member of the public school staff to tutor my children during their stay in that city, thus keeping pace with the yearly public school work at my home at New Rochelle.

"The stage is a profession. To cultivate a rich tree it must be planted young. The greatest men of the stage took the footlights young.

"Genius has no age. Men forget that our Savior held the center of the world at nine years of age.

"Joseph Jefferson began his stage career, from which only death took him, at three months old. Maude Adams at eight years, Edwin Booth at nine years, Mary Anderson at fourteen years, and Sarah Bernhardt has been back of the footlights for nearly sixty years.

"My own mother, a devout Irishwoman, remarked half a century ago that the stage would surely lead me to the gallows," said Mr. Foy with a reminiscent smile.

Mr. Foy has been arrested and tried in every state where he has played by ignorant or misguided factory inspectors. He has, however, won out always, as the best custodian of his children and arbiter of their fate.

"What do you know about it?" said Mr. Foy, "a factory inspector at Des Moines, Iowa, had me arrested for violating the law by keeping my own children with me, as you see them, and then turned around and wrote out a permit himself to send his son out to plow in the broiling sun for eight hours a day.

"Can you imagine a guy like that treating his own fifteen-year-old boy like that, and then arresting me?

"You ought to pass the butter with that.

"Why, if I wanted to employ my kiddies, I could

farm them out for $300 a week each, but I'm not in that kind of business.

"My kiddies have their money, and one of the things they do with it is to maintain an orphanage for poor children at New Rochelle--a school founded by their own mother, who went on ahead of us four years ago."

The world at large does not know that Eddie Foy always wanted to play Hamlet.

"There is more real drama in that platform scene where Hamlet and his friends meet the shade of his father, than in all the other plays," said Eddie, and as we sat alone in the hotel after midnight, when he had seen to it that the last of the kiddies was tucked away, and Eddie Foy before the audience of his own heart read the lines of Hamlet, I realized what few people will believe, that the serious drama lost a great soul to comedy when Eddie Foy took to running a smile factory.

There is just a suspicion in some quarters that the stage may yet see the real Foy. The big-souled, broad-minded, motherly-fatherly hearted Irishman may yet find a vehicle in which tears can ride with smiles.

But keep the kiddies in it, Eddie, keep the kiddies.

Don't forget what the youngest of the family says at curtain calls—

"You may be Eddie Foy, but I am the actor."

And as Tiny Tim would say, God bless every one of us.

———o———

Modern Invention

What's the matter, dear?

I am all worn out.

What you been doing?

Can't you see? I've been oiling the floors.

Why don't you put some oil on the baby's rompers and let him do it?

Robert Browning is said to have sat by the side of the body of Mrs. Browning, his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning; the night she died and written the following poem:

PROSPICE

Fear death? To feel the fog in my throat
The mist in my face,
When the snow begins and the blast denotes
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands the arch fear in a visible form
Yet the strong man must go.
For the journey is done and the summit attained
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all—
I was even a fighter, so—one fight more,
The last and the best!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements rage, the friend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall charge, shall become first a peace out of Pain
Then a light, then thy breast,

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

———o———

In 1846 in Blackwood's Magazine, Mrs. Browning had written

UNLESS

Unless you can think when the song is done
No other is soft in the rhythm!
Unless you can feel when left by one
That all men else go with him.
Unless you can know when unpraised by his breath
That your breath itself wants proving,
Unless you can swear "For life, for death!"—
Oh, fear to call it loving.

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you—
Unless you can love as the angels may
With the breath of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Though believing and unbelieving;
Unless you can die when the dream is passed
Oh, never call it loving.

* * *

Those who take their opinion of women from the reports of a rake, will be no nearer the truth than those who take their opinions of men from the lips of a prostitute.

FREEDOM AT WISCONSIN U

THE Wisconsin professor had to come to it. He had to write to Edison or lose his job. Leastways, that's how it looks to us from where we sit.

It may have occurred to the professor that it was just a little bit unnecessarily insistent on the part of Edison to demand an answer.

And by the way, by what right, pray, must any and every salaried man in any institution take his time to answer Mr. Edison any time he may choose to interrogate?

Mr. Edison has back of him the interests which, the country over, tell the universities where to "head in."

That body of men who ought, of all men in America, to be left an intellectual freedom in thinking, expressing themselves and in action, the university professors, are in reality next to the clergy the most tied down and controlled in that respect.

The last thirty-five years, since men of the Rockefeller, Sage, Carnegie and Colgate type saw fit to put their millions into educational work, has witnessed the driving out of men of brains and initiative from endowed and state-controlled institutions of learning.

As Oxford and Cambridge, originally endowed by Roman Catholic money, have since the days of Elizabeth been under the hand of the Anglican Church, sat on the souls of Englishmen, even so would the various "foundations" sit on the soul of independent thought and action in America.

Witness the present fight of the New York City school system with the "foundations."

Yea, verily, we are a free country! We all stand very erect when they play "The Star Spangled Banner." Then someone in authority yells, "Sit down!"

And down we sit. That's enough of America for one day.

Let a man in our schools hew to the line of independent thought and try to hold a job and see where he lands.

THE SPHINX

(Heine)

It is the fairy forest old,
With lime-tree blossoms scented
The moonshine had with its mystic light
My soul and sense enchanted.

On, on I roamed, and, as I went,
Sweet music o'er me rose there:
It is the nightingale--she sings
Of love and lovers' woes there.

She sings of love and lovers' woes,
Hearts blest, and hearts forsaken,
So sad is her mirth, so glad her sob,
Dreams long forgotten awaken.

Still on I roamed, and, as I went,
I saw before me louring,
On a great wide lawn a stately pile,
With gables peaked and towering.

Closed were its windows, everywhere
A hush, a gloom past telling;
It seemed as though silent Death within
These empty halls were dwelling.

A Sphinx lay there before the door,
Half brutish and half human,
A lioness in trunk and claws,
In head and breasts a woman.

A lovely woman! The pale cheek
Spoke of desires that wasted;
The hush'd lips curved into a smile
That woo'd them to be tasted.

The nightingale so sweetly sang,
I yielded to their wooing;
And as I kissed that winning face,
I seal'd my own undoing.

The marble image thrilled with life,
The stone began to quiver;
She drank my kisses' burning flame
With fierce convulsive shiver.

She almost drank my breath away;
And, to her passion bending,
She clasped me close, with her lion claw
My hapless body rending.

Delicious torture, rapturous pang!
The pain, the bliss, unbounded!
Her lips, their kiss was heaven to me,--
Her claws, oh, how they wounded!

The nightingale sang: Oh beauteous Sphinx!
Oh love, love, say why this is,
That with the anguish of death itself
Thou minglest all thy blisses?

"Oh beauteous Sphinx, oh answer me,
That riddle strange unloosing!
For many, many thousand years
Have I been on it musing!"

NUDE OR NAKED

NUDE or naked?

Whatever idea each word may convey to the individual mind, the one suggests impurity and immodesty, the other simple honesty.

An interesting experiment was tried out in the Carnegie Art Galleries of Pittsburg, where a class of girls and boys was led through two exhibits, one the paintings of the famous Spanish Zuloaga with many nude and semi-nude figures, and the other a collection of entirely nude figures in oil and groups of statuary.

The Zuloaga collection caused an evident uneasiness on the part of the youths and a dead silence accompanied with blushes and an occasional titter of laughter, while the second collection brought forth an animated discussion between boys and girls as to the relative merit, artistic and otherwise, of the various pictures and pieces of statuary, taking the frank nakedness as a matter of course.

Zuloaga's women were not naked, each one having on either a pair of slippers, a lace shawl over her head or in one case a dress open the full length down the front. The entire thing was suggestively immodest and disgusting to the young mind.

The boys said it was "nasty" the girls kept still.

On the same plane, the one-piece, bare-legged bathing suit of the girl or woman of today excites small evil comment in the mind of man or boy, compared to the whirlwind of suggestive ideas loosed by the same woman or girl when "properly gowned" she passes in semi-nudity on the street or gracefully entertains at home, or concealingly reveals herself at the opera, theatre, dinner party or dance.

It is not, after all, so much a matter of what a woman has on, as how she wears it and what thought she carries back of it.

Lady Godiva was modestly clad and greatly virtuous when she rode through the streets of Coventry naked.

THE PRAYER OF THE PRIDE-FILLED PAUPER

Spare us the shame of your kindness,
You with the ermine coat,
Who kindly donated ten dollars,
Spare us that pitying note.

Mercy nor love are we asking,
Justice we know is absurd,
But spare us the shame of your kindness,
Good lady so amply befurred.

Grind us and crush out our life-blood,
Wear out our bones for your whim,
But spare us the shame of your kindness,
When our toil-worn-out eyes have grown dim.

Beat us to death with your clubmen,
Work us to death in your mills,
But spare us the shame of your kindness,
Spare us your ten-dollar bills.

Feast on the wealth we created,
Send us to die for your flags,
But spare us the shame of your kindness
As you see us pass by in our rags.

Lay off your hands and cut wages,
Add to the hours of your slaves,
But spare us the shame of your kindness
As you hurry us into our graves.

Add to the cost of your pleasures,
Add to our burden of grief,
But spare us the shame of your kindness,
Spare us your works of relief!

--G. H. M. HARDYMAN.

"MOST OF THESE MEN WON'T WORK"

It is pleasant to go without dinner;
To sit in the park all the day
And at nightfall to beg for a quarter
For a bed where the little ones play.

We love to go hungry and thirsty,
To feel the wind blow through our vest,
To be always unshaven and dirty
In suits that have never been pressed.

It is fun when it rains to take shelter
In doorways for hours at a time,
To swallow down insults like water
In the hope of securing a dime.

We enjoy being told by employers
That no help is wanted today,
Walking miles after ads from the papers
To find they need two men in May.

We promise our wives in the morning
All manner of work to avoid,
And nightly we pray before sleeping,
"Lord, let us remain unemployed."

--G. H. M. HARDYMAN.

———o———

THINK IT OVER!

The three great apostles of practical atheism that make converts without persecuting, and retain them without preaching, are wealth, health and power.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN BRAIN

THERE was once a man who had a golden brain; yes, madame, a golden brain. When he came into the world, the doctors thought that the child would not live, his head was so heavy and his brain so immeasurably large. He did live, however, and grew in the sunlight like a fine olive tree; but his great head always led him astray, and it was heart-rending to see him collide with all the furniture as he walked. Often he fell. One day he rolled from the top of a flight of stairs and struck his forehead against a marble step, upon which his skull rang like a bar of metal. They thought he was dead; but on lifting him up, they found only a slight wound, with two or three drops of gold among his fair hair. Thus it was that his parents first learned that the child had a golden brain.

The thing was kept secret; the poor little fellow himself suspected nothing. From time to time he asked why they no longer allowed him to run about in front of the gate, with the children in the street.

"Because they would steal you, my lovely treasure!" his mother replied.

Thereupon the little fellow was terribly afraid of being stolen; he went back to his lonely play, without a word, and stumbled heavily from one room to another.

Not until he was eighteen years old did his parents disclose to him the miraculous gift that he owed to destiny; and as they had educated and supported him until then, they asked him, in return, for a little of his gold. The child did not hesitate; on the instant--how, by what means the legend does not say--he tore from his brain a piece of solid gold as big as a nut, and proudly tossed it upon his mother's knees. Then, dazzled by the wealth that he bore in his head, mad with desires, drunken with his power, he left his father's house and went out into the world, lavishing his treasure.

From the pace at which he lived, like a prince, sowing gold without counting, one would have said that his brain was inexhaustible. It did become exhausted, however, and little by little one could see his eyes grow dull, his cheeks become more and more hollow. At last, one morning, after a wild debauch, the unfortunate fellow, alone among the remnants of the feast and the paling candles, was alarmed at the enormous hole he had already made in his ingot; it was high time to stop.

Thenceforth he led a new kind of life. The man with the golden brain went off to live apart, working with his hands, suspicious and timid as a miser, shunning temptations, trying to forget, himself, that fatal wealth which he was determined never to touch again. Unfortunately a friend followed him into the solitude and that friend knew his secret.

One night the poor man was awakened with a start by a pain in his head, a frightful pain. He sprang out of bed in deadly alarm, and saw by the moonlight his friend running away with something hidden under his cloak.

Another piece of his brain stolen from him!

Some time after, the man with the golden brain fell in love, and then it was all over. He loved with his whole heart a little fair-haired woman, who loved him well, too, but who preferred her ribbons and her white feathers and the pretty little bronze tassels tapping the sides of her boots.

In the hands of that dainty creature, half-bird and half-doll, the gold pieces melted merrily away. She had every sort of caprice; and he could never say no; indeed, for fear of causing her pain, he concealed from her to the end the sad secret of his fortune.

"We must be very rich," she would say. And the poor man would answer, "Oh, yes, very rich!" and he would smile fondly at the little bluebird that was innocently consuming his brain. Sometimes, however, fear seized him; and he longed again to be a miser;

but then the little woman would come hopping towards him and say, "Come, my husband, you are so rich, buy me something very costly." And he would buy something very costly.

This state of affairs lasted two years; then, one morning, the little woman died, no one knew why, like a bird. The treasure was almost exhausted; with what remained the dear widower provided a grand funeral for his dear dead wife. Bells clanging, heavy coaches draped in black, plumed horses, silver tears on the velvet--nothing seemed too fine to him. What mattered his gold to him now? He gave of it for the church, for the bearers, for the woman who sold immortelles; he gave it on all sides, without bargaining. So that, when he left the cemetery, almost nothing was left of his marvelous brain, save a few tiny pieces on the walls of his skull.

Then people saw him wandering through the streets, with a wild expression, his hands before him, stumbling like a drunken man. At night, at the hour when the shops were lighted, he halted in front of a large show window in which a bewildering mass of stars and jewels glittered in the light, and he stood there a long while gazing at two blue satin boots bordered with swan's down. "I know some one to whom those boots would give great pleasure," he said to himself with a smile; and, forgetting that the little woman was dead, he went in to buy them.

From the depths of her back shop, the dealer heard a loud outcry; she ran to the spot, and recoiled in terror at sight of a man leaning against the window and gazing at her sorrowfully with a dazed look. He held in one hand the blue boots trimmed in swan's down, and held out to her the other hand all bleeding, with scrapings of gold on the ends of the nails.

Such, madame, is the legend of the man with the golden brain.

Although it has the aspect of a fanciful tale, it is true from beginning to end. There are in this world

many poor fellows who are contented to live on their brains, and who pay in refined gold, with the marrow and their substance, for the most trivial things of life. It is to them a pain recurring every day; and then, when they are weary of suffering---

--ALPHONSE DAUDET.

———o———

Honest Sometimes

A Western farmer hauled a load of hay onto the small town scales.

"What does she weigh?"

"Just two thousand, one hundred and sixty pounds."

"Yes, that's about what I thought it would, but I didn't think it would."

* * *

OH BOY!

Most females will forgive a liberty, rather than a slight, and if a woman were to hang a man for stealing her picture, although it was set in gold, it would be a new case in law; but if he carried off the setting, and left the portrait, I would not answer for his safety.

* * *

THAT TIRED FEELING

Ennui, perhaps, has made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst, and perhaps as many suicides as despair. History tells of the man who destroyed himself because he was tired of putting on his clothes in the morning and taking them off again at night.

THE KNIGHT IN THE WOOD

(Lord de Tobley)

The thing itself was rough and crudely done
Cut in coarse stone, spitefully placed aside
As merest lumber, where the light was worst
On a back staircase. Overlooked it lay,
In a great Roman palace crammed with art,
It had no number in the list of gems
Weeded away, long since picked out and banished.
Before insipid Guidos oversweet
And Dolcis rose sensationalities
And only chirping angels, spruce as birds
And yet the motive of the thing ill hewn
And hardly seen did touch me. O, indeed,
The skilless hand that carved it had belonged
To a most yearning and bewildered brain;
There was such desolation in the work;
And through its utter failure the thing spoke
With more of human message, heart to heart
Then all these faultless, smirking, skin deep saints
In artificial troubles picturesque.
And martyred sweetly, not one curl awry.
Listen; a clumsy knight, who rode alone,
Upon a stumbling jade in a great wood
Belated. The poor beast, with head low-bowed
Sniffing the ground. The rider bent
Forward to sound the march with his lance
The wretched ride and the hide-bound steed
You saw the place was deadly; that doomed place
Feared to advance, feared to return—That's all.

BURLESQUE

BURLESQUE, as an entertainment for reputable men and women, has come into its own. The old "Sam Jack days" are gone. Hearts beat there as true and lives and lines are as clean as any place in musical or dramatic work.

A well-known woman of burlesque, Ada Lum, of The Gayety, of Minneapolis, Minn., speaks:

"Eleven years ago I entered the chorus, being an understudy for Miss Clara Rackett, who was a prima donna. After a period of eighteen weeks and through the sudden illness of Miss Rackett, and on an hour's notice, I took her place. During the above stated period, I have seen burlesque come out of the so-called atmosphere of years ago, when it was looked upon as an immoral entertainment. This was never true, as the public have and always will demand just a little dash of frivolity. This can be verified by the fact that in most recent years musical comedies have become popular. These musical comedies having been based on burlesque by the following method of elaborating costumes, scenery and doubling the number of chorus girls, adding the chorus men together with a large number of principals, and permit me to say here that fifty per cent of the present Broadway stars rose from the ranks of the burlesque stage.

"I recall some years ago prior to the war, a prominent society matron asked that I coach a show which was to be put on at one of the social functions. When it came to the matter of costumes in the show, the demands made by those who participated in the extremest of costumes was amazing. I can frankly say that the costumes they desired would cause me to blush before any audience, but after all, possibly judgment is passed purely on the atmosphere in which we breathe. The outside world looks upon us as a type termed 'worldly wise.' Just let us hesitate for a moment and always keep in mind that we possess hearts and souls the same as every human being, and ofttimes

I have seen actors and actresses, while rendering their various numbers on the stage, courteous and entertaining, when at the same time many a heart pang due to illness of those nearest and dearest to them and general sorrows that go to make up life.

"Again ofttimes in trying to please an audience with specialty number which bring us nearer to our audience, it is misconstrued and advances are made and invitations extended by strangers, which to us are resentful. The Burlesque Company is one large family helping, assisting, sharing the sorrows and watching carefully that temptation does not enter the family. I think we have been placed on earth, possibly fitted for the various positions in life which are allotted us. Mine to date has been a burlesque profession, but nevertheless, there is a road leading to a higher sphere of my art and steadily I shall work on for that which is the crowning moment of everyone's life, SUCCESS."

———o———

FUN IN HELL

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes he has; they serve him better than any others, and receive no wages; nay, what is still more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortifications to go to hell, than the sincerest Christian to go to heaven.

* * *

TRY IT

Most men would be thoroughly cured of their self-importance if they would only rehearse their own funeral, and walk abroad incognito, the very day after that on which they were supposed to have been buried.

TO THE FLAPPER

Poor little Flapper, they all give you the razz
'Bout smoking, and joking, and flirting, and jazz.
They think you're a dumbbell without any brain.
Don't know enough to come out of the rain.
Just 'cause your rolled hose show a dimple or two,
They say that your modesty's gone up the flue.
They think you are bold with your lips carmine-hued
Your cheeks, like a rose, makes them say you are rude.
Your hair that's all curly and bobbed at the ears,
Brings laughter derisive, and sometimes brings jeers.
Some say that your skirt is too short and too tight,
But you've two good reasons, a left and a right.
And I know that you, in your frivolous way,
Are as good as Mother was in her hey-day.
And if it came to a showdown I'm sure
We'd find your mind and heart just as pure.
Perhaps you drink (that is, you imbibe)
And carry a flask that's so hard to hide.
Sometimes you ride, with some man you don't like.
But then you can always--get out and hike.
They say you won't make a good mother or wife.
But gee! I'd just love to be hooked up for life
To some little Flapper who could be true.
I think they all could (don't you think so, too?)
So let the old cronies holler and rave,
Keep a stiff upper lip, show 'em you're brave.
For after all's over and after all's done,
It's really no wonder, is it, Little One,
That we all love you, from your cute boyish cap
Down to your funny galoshes that flap?

V. R. CHAMBERS.

UNKEL HANK

Dear Editors o' ther Naket Trooth:—

My neez, whose bachler name is Suzee Snoozer, but sheez a rite smart gal, wuz in ter see us last nite, the furst time sens I reetired frum farmin.

Su started snoopin roun er littel, like she allers duz, diskuvverd yoor March ishoo, an' thare she stuk, woodent shift till she'd red ther hole blamed book. Then she sed ter me,--

"Unkel, this is er dandee littel maggerzeen. It's so diffrent frum all I ever red. I'm more 'n pleezd with it, an' wisht yood rite the editers er fu lines o' enkurrajment, boost thair book a littel with er kritterkel reevu o' yoor own, an' I'll bet thay'd appreshiate it."

"Yesiree Su," I sed, "yoo kin becher life it's diffrent. If it wuz ennythin like fore-thurds o' ther sokawld modern sheets,--I meen fuller sensashen-mungerin dope, an' nuthin els,--yoo woodent see it laying roun heer. But this littel maggerzeen has more nachrel reedin in it than I've ever foun in enny uther sheet o' this nacher. But, Su, yoo seem to ferget all editers is riters. Don't yoo spoze thay kin rite up thair own boosts? Do yoo spoze thay'd be interested er minnet reedin er letter frum er ole anti-modern yap like me, who is only er farmer.

Well, Editers, this dident stump Su, fer she reeplied,--"Unkel, yoor rong. Editers is all so bizzy reejektin mannerskripts frum peepul who think thay kin rite, stowin erway the $2.50 subskripshens kummin in rite erlong, an' bossin ther offis help aroun, thay are offen glad when sumbuddy helps 'em out er littel."

I kood see ther sens o' Suzee's argerment, so dident arger ennymore. But when she went hoam, I sed ter myself,--"Su allers wuz a senserbul gal, an' I gess sheez rite."

So I startet rite in on my krittersizin job O' korse, I aint gonne size up haff ther good things what's reely in this heer March ishoo, but I wanter say furst o' all that yoor artikel bukkin noo stiles o' impeerial ejjerkashen shure tikkeld me. I'm rite with yoo thare. The nachrel ole brans o' ejjerkashen our forefathers fawt fer is good ernuff fer me. O' korse, I wuz pleezd at yoor boostin that Hylan feller in Noo York who is stikkin up fer our bran o' ejjerkashen, an' I don't kare a hang what hiz or yoor perlittikel kreed is or aint eether.

Ther littel sonnet by Mr. Joseph Lee, is verry good, beein ritten so peepul kin understand it. I aint got enny use fer bootiful wurds that jenerally say nuthin, offen less. But as fer my jumpin on er feller an' spittin in hiz fase, beekaws heez won o' our Mammen-made ennermees, nuthin dooin--beefore or after. The wurld,--or I meen its peepul--must keep on improovin bakwurds, while we entertane or nurs enny huch anti-nechrel or modern noshens.

That artikel on forrin lones is good. I beeleev, like yoo, that ther best investment we kood make rite now is in ther whitest men our own kuntry has, meenin our own solejer boys. We aint outer the woods yet. Won o' theez days big interests mite need protektin ergin. Then what?

Yoor boost fer the spunjin industree dident appeel much ter me, seein I had seventeen o' my relashuns spunjin on me off 'n' on all last summer.

I don't no much erbout this swab feller yoo menshen, but I do no ther peepul has been swabbed, mopt an' reeswabbed ernuff allreddy, an' kin stan no more. Thay're soon gonna beegin kikken harder 'n' enny kid with soft sope in hiz eyes. Yesiree, thay're gonna reefooz ter be swabbed by evry big or littel modern mopper who takes er noshen to kleen em sum more.

I wuz allso pleezd as er dawg with too tales at yoor nise littel boosts fer kundukters, motermen,

meekanniks an' sich. That's rite. Holler offen an' plenty fer peepul who are wurth while.

Reegardin that pome titeld "Er Ladee," I kant krittersize that won, seein I don't understan theez modern, klassy, sosiertee kritters nohow. What's more, I don't wanter. Outside o' this, ther pome mite be all rite.

No use er tawkin, that pome on frenship is fine. We kin stan more along them lines. I allso beeleev that in theez grate days o' self-progress, thare's damn fu o' us kood pik er nachrel fren frum er modern fo.

I no anuther feller whooz fathe in humannertee or mankine neerly blowed up twenty-five yeers ago, but he stuk ter hiz guns jest ther same, kep rite on havvin hiz best ammernishen swipet by sum o' hiz sokawld frens, an' is still reddy to fire a shot in the interest o' uthers. We kin stan more o' sich littel reeflekshuns, proovin that hard noks, disserpointments, hardships 'n' sorrer are better teechers in helpin us ter play ther game o' life rite than all ther books ever ritten on that subjek.

That littel Comprehenison pome is good. Ther ole ladee sez it haz sich er appeelin ole-fashend, homey, nachrel ring to it, that it's eezy ter understan an' reemember.

I'm er littel off on theez sinetiffik bughous subjeks, but I no that as a rool it's er kommen deezeez ermnug menny o our wize modern skeptikel skollers who wont eeven beeleev what thay no unless thay git pade fer it.

Yoor artikel on the grate Jim Hill an' hiz hy-priset help simply goze ter sho how eezy it is fer a bizness jeenyus ter beekum grate at uther poor peepul's ekspens. I wuz wonst in er plase kawld Velvet, Washington, whare the grate Jim kokest in er lot o' settlers to take up hoamsteds. When thay got thair land kleerd, an' beegan to raze er fu things thay wanted ter ship ter Spokane, if thair stuff wuz wurth three dollars a krate or barrel, the grate Jim wood charj

about $2.95 frate. Frum Velvet to Rossland, B. C. is erbout eight or nine miles. When theez same setlers kut er lot o' kord wood ter ship to Rossland, the grate Jim only charjed $1.50 a kord fer kartin it theez eight or nine miles, an' ther shipper hadda lode an' unlode it. Yesiree, the grate J. H. wuz er bizness jeenyus we kin well be prowd of, but we hav eeven grater wons on ther job rite now.

I'd like ter krittersize up more o' theez artikels o' yoors, but aint got enny more deesent paper. Su sez theez editers is kinda pertikler peepul, so I'll add only er fu more wurds afore I kwit.

I'm gonna rite me er pome soon, titeld, "Wanted--Sum Reel Nooz," which will kinda eksplane the sort o' nooz reel peepul don't want. Su sez I kin do it, if I try. How much wood yoo gimmee fer a reel pome ritten to order like I sujjest?

Yoors trooly,
UNKEL HANK.

———o———

LENINE'S BAD HEART

THE CAT is out of the bag.

Lenine has a bad heart. We always thought so, but not the kind he means.

That's a handy alibi just now, however.

Despatches say that Lenine cannot attend the Genoa Conference because of a bad heart. That's right, Russia is the safest place for that bird.

There used to be a notorious pickpocket in Chicago, who, when she was arrested, always fainted. She got away with it, too--"Fainting Bertha" did.

But she fainted once too often, and last heard of she was fainting to her heart's content in the Joliet prison to keep from mopping up the corridors.

Nothing like having a few handy ailments that can direct our footsteps, as it were.

MAX EHRMANN

A VIRGIN'S DREAM and other poems of the "Scarlet Woman" series, by Max Ehrmann, has come to us with a request that we review it and send a marked copy.

Elbert Hubbard, the St. Louis Post Despatch, the Chicago Examiner, and other publications give Mr. Ehrmann a wonderful sendoff as a poet, and to tell the truth we like his stuff.

It is rather "shady," some of it, and our attitude toward it is much the same as that of the West Virginia news dealer who would not handle Naked Truth because he thought it unfit to read. He nevertheless subscribed for it for his own personal use.

We cannot reprint Mr. Ehrmann's poems without being accused of printing questionable material. Some other magazine might get away with it all right.

However, we are glad to print one which has no "naughty words" in it, "A Silken Perfumed Little Maid." "The House of Sin," "Who Goeth Down This Red Light Street" and "The Harlot's Vengeance" smack too much of dear old Walt Whitman for us to try to get away with them.

We like them, but we have to remember that "To the pure all things are rotten."

A Silken, Perfumed Little Maid

My friend and I, one lonely night,
Went to the painted women's place,
Where there is music, wine, and light.

A few soft words, a pretty face,
My friend was won; while I sat tranced
As flaming women past me danced.

The breath of dying rose leaves came,
Of silken, subtle, faint perfumes,
As past me flew each fragrant flame.

Tight held, they spun through all the rooms;
And when the giddy music stopped,
The champagne bottle stoppers popped.

Between each spell of dancing notes,
Upon their flames fresh coal they laid
By pouring liquor down their throats.

One silken, perfumed little maid,
Whose decollete revealed her charm,
Came up and took me by the arm.

Somehow we talked of wasted life,
And down her face the hot tears sped;
The good in her had won the strife.

"O I am sick of this!" she said.
We hastened from the noise and light.
With chastened lips we said good night.

I mused, as dawn came o'er the town,
"I gave her thoughts a noble theme,
I'm one who did not pull her down."

At home I wakened from my dream;
I searched my evening clothes in vain,
I could not find my watch and chain.

ANY PORT IN A STORM

THE famous Irish alibi--"Any port in a storm," seems to be the household motto for a Minnesota couple arrested for making and selling moonshine.

Haled before the court, with the goods in evidence, a plea of guilty was entered, with the mitigating circumstance, however, that it was necessary to make the moonshine in order to raise the money to pay for a tombstone for a child that had recently died.

Got to work the sob stuff in somehow.

———o———

The soda fountain boy said, "Ain't it terrible the disappointments some people do have. A woman came in today and asked for a glass of milk and a PIECE of Eskimo Pie."

———o———

The man who sees things as they are is regarded as a madman, just as those were formerly looked upon who maintained that the earth was round. The average man sees things as they seem to be.

———o———

A warm handshake is better than a tale of woe; but so many do not stop with the handshake.

———o———

MEANEST MAN ON EARTH

THE meanest man on earth has been found. He gave his children five cents to go to bed without their supper. During the night he stole the nickels from them and thrashed them in the morning for having lost the money.

KEEP MOVING

One little word won't tell your name,
You've got to keep on talking.

One little step won't get you there,
You've got to keep on walking.

One little thought won't write a book,
You've got to keep on thinking.

One little drink won't make you drunk,
You've got to keep on drinking.

———o———

A Baby

A tiny feather dropped from the wing of love into the lap of motherhood.

———o———

To go with a widow six months exceedeth a college education.

———o———

Mary had a little calf,
She wouldn't let you know it;
But when she turned her back,
The wind would blow and show it.

———o———

It takes twenty years for one woman to make a man out of her son, and just twenty minutes for another woman to make a fool out of him.

———o———

Of course all men are beasts--beasts of burden.

———o———

Said the bank to the stream, "I'll cave in on you."
Said the stream to the bank, "I'll be dammed if you do."

———o———

A woman forgives an injury one day, and forgets that she has forgiven it the next.

TO A MIDWEST PAPER

Your recent editorial on "A Senator and Imperialism" discusses in rather a light vein what probably will be the most important question that the American people will have to decide upon in this generation so far as foreign affairs are concerned. When the senator stated that both Great Britain and Japan are "great imperialisms" he had not the slightest thought, I am sure, of what you refer to as the "government, its form, its kind." In this point you evidently refer to the machinery covering the wheels--the mechanism. Nor did the senator have in mind "the method by which modern states have been composed." Imperialism--the kind the senator talks about in his speech on the Four-power Pact, originates in a desire of the same business interests to extend their gains by bringing under their flag new territorial areas for profitable commerce and investment. Products not consumed at home must be sold abroad and money not used at home must be put to work elsewhere. Imperialism in a nation arises as a result of the recognition of two factors: First, when the nation accepts the doctrine laid down by Lord Palmerston, the British foreign secretary about sixty years ago, that the protection of the flag follows the investments of its citizens in all parts of the world; and second, when it possesses surplus wealth to invest and surplus goods to sell. It has no reference whatsoever to the form of government, such as you suggested in your editorial, or the method by which modern states have been composed. Pressure--all that is needed--is put on the foreign offices of the different governments with the inevitable result of a closer co-operation between these offices and the more powerful commercial interest. The backward, weaker countries are usually the ones affected. Let me illustrate: In 1912 China needed $30,000,000. A syndicate consisting of American, French, English, German, Russian and Japanese banking houses, with the

advice and aid of the foreign offices of the several governments, was formed and this syndicate insisted that the loan be increased to $300,000,000, with the stipulation that the expenditure of the loan and the administration of the salt monopoly, by which it was to be guaranteed, should be placed under European control. The Chinese government objected strenuously to these conditions of the loan, saying that such conditions attacked the very foundation of her sovereignty and turned for help to independent bankers outside the business government groups. When the firm of C. B. Crisp & Company of London attempted to raise a loan of $50,000,000 for them it met with the determined objection of the English foreign office, who insisted upon the monopoly rights being given to the first syndicate. Sir Edward Grey telegraphed to the British minister in Peking: "I am in communication with them (Crisp Company) with a view to stopping the execution of the agreement, if possible. Shall I fail in that, it will become necessary to deal with the matter by direct communication with the Chinese government." And this action taken by the most powerful European government to help a private banking house make money in a foreign land by reason of an exclusive banking concession wrung from a defenseless people.

There is no end of historic illustrations to show the close connections between concession hunters, financial imperialists and the governments of all of the civilized nations. It has occurred in Morocco, in the "strangling of Persia," in the conquest of Egypt, of South Africa, India and China, but all of these occurred before the last great war. Did the last great war change our attitude or moderate the position of the foreign offices as to their close connection with the commercial interest? A recent example of the union of government and business is found in the support given by the British government to the efforts of the Shell Company that holds a monopoly of the oil busi-

ness. The government itself is financially interested in several subsidiary companies of the old monopoly. The Shell Company has secured control of the Royal Dutch Company and seems to have gotten a monopoly in the Dutch colonies at San Remo in 1920, the French prime minister ceded to Great Britain, in an OFFICIAL communication, the oil fields of Mosul, located in the territory claimed by the French under the peace settlement. Additional exclusive grants were OFFICIALLY made to the British of exploitation rights in Madagascar and Morocco. The British government has secured by official treaty from Persia, exclusive rights for developing oil fields in that country. The Persian Oil Company, which the British government helped finance, has also been absorbed by the British Shell Company; finally, there is an official agreement between the French and British regarding the oil fields of Galicia, but the details have not yet been published. The British Shell Company has just recently secured, through the British government influence, practical control of the Roumanian oil fields. This is an example of imperialism such as the senator had in mind when he talks about the British imperialism, and the Chinese loan is an example of the Japanese imperialism--both are tarred with the same stick and neither has anything to do with forms of government.

Such methods of conducting international commerce, probably the editor of the paper will agree, have in themselves the element of destruction and a menace to peace and civilization. When the senator speaks of an imperialistic alliance, such a statement certainly holds true unless it can be shown that these governments have changed their policy completely, so that there is no longer any protection by the government of the investments of its citizens abroad.

In reality, imperialism, such as the senator had in mind, means diplomatic and official protection to the investors or the capitalists in foreign countries. Behind a nation's diplomacy stands--at this time--its army

and navy, its "mailed fist in international business." This doctrine, only sixty years old, has made foreign investments secure. It has identified the foreign office with the banker and investor and has converted the army and navy into an agency for the enforcement of demands and the collection of debts.

It seems, therefore, that the attitude of the foreign office has not changed at all since the war and while America said she would have none of the loot of the war, she recognized the legality of the loot of Japan and Britain when she agreed to maintain their integrity in the Four-power Alliance. That is the issue that will have to be decided before the American people are through, and when it is understood clearly just what the Four-power Alliance means, the American people, in my opinion, will sweep out those who agree to such an alliance.

Imperialism, therefore, does mean something definite and should be discussed on its merits. There is no use of calling people names and camouflaging the issue.

JOHN SINCLAIR.

———o———

God's call, through the still small voice, to preach, is much more irresistible when megaphoned by a wealthy church.

———o———

I called hay till I was horse.

———o———

Many a man's reputation depends on what isn't found out about him.

———o———

A good man who has gone wrong is in reality only a bad man who has just been found out.

———o———

Near-beer is like looking through a keyhole with a glass eye.

"SPOON RIVER" OVERFLOWS

IT seems that Edgar Lee Masters' "Spoon River" has flowed over to meet him.

The literary world gasped for breath when some years ago Mr. Masters opened the graves of "Spoon River" and let the dead ones talk right out loud about each other.

The family skeletons made more noise than they would have done dancing on a tin roof.

It now seemeth that Mrs. Masters, not waiting to be dead, speaketh about Edgar Lee in plain anthological terms; divorcing him and thereby securing to herself a hitherto very uncertain allowance of three hundred sound American dollars per month.

It seemeth that these poets, very practical in taking the cash, do become very temperamental in the disbursing of the same.

———o———

A Gentleman

A man that's clean inside and out; who neither looks up to the rich, nor down on the poor; who can lose without squealing, and who can win without bragging; considerate of women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat and too sensible to loaf; and who takes his share of the world's goods and lets other people have theirs--that's my idea of a true gentleman.

———o———

EXTREME CASE

"SAY, MAN," said one darkey to another, "if these hare hard times doan go and let up, I doan know what I'ze gwine ter do--the wolf is shoar right at my front door now."

"Wolf at your door," said the other. "Man, that there wolf have done come inside my house already, gone behind the kitchen stove and had pups, that's what she has."

STRICTLY CO-OPERATIVE

A NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE farmer of Wisconsin was somewhat of an extremist against the middleman proposition, believing most thoroughly in the "from producer to consumer" theory.

His wife being critically ill, he went to the 'phone and began the conversation:

"Hello, give me the undertaker."

"Hello, Sand's Undertaking Parlors."

"Is this the undertaker's?"

"Yes."

"I want you to come out to my place; my wife she is awful sick."

"Hello, hello,--you have made a mistake; this is the undertaker's; you want to call the doctor."

"No, I don't, I make no mistake. My wife is awful sick. I don't want the doctor. I belong to the Non-partisan League, and I don't believe in no middleman. I want you to come out."

———o———

GIVE HIM TIME

I DON'T like to marry Mr. Wilcox, Mary, his eyes are too small.

Never mind, Mildred, he will get them open wider when he marries you.

———o———

UNJUST JUDGE

POOR NELLY SMITH, forty years old, went over to Superior, Wisconsin, and celebrated woman's rights by getting drunk.

By a slip of the tongue, Nellie was not responsible at the time, she let it out that she was from Duluth, whereupon Judge E. S. Parker, unmindful of the fact that she was a defenseless woman, and unprotected by counsel, sentenced her to Duluth, Minn., for the term of her natural life.

When will indignities to women cease?

LET US REMEMBER

To be strong that nothing can disturb our peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person we meet.

To make all our friends feel that there is something in them.

To look on the sunny side of everything and make our optimism come true.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as we are about our own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and to have a smile ready for every living creature we meet.

To give so much to the improvement of ourselves, that we will have no time to criticize others.

To be too large for fear, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

To think well of ourselves and to proclaim this fact to the world, not in loud words, but in great deeds.

To live in the faith that the world is on our side so long as we are true to the best that is in us.

With Best Wishes,

.....

The above card can be had in postcard size, ready for mailing, at 35 cents the dozen.--NAKED TRUTH, P. O. Box 1687, Minneapolis, Minn.

A STATEMENT

IN the last issue of Naked Truth we published, as did many other papers and periodicals, an article about a steamship Alexander, supposedly chartered by the Shriners. We are more than glad to publish the letter of Noble E. A. Cutts, Imperial Potentate of the Mystic Order of the Shrine, which speaks for itself. We are delighted with the letter, Noble Cutts; we always did feel that camel's milk had in it all the virtues needed for a Mecca-bound pilgrim even as he crossed the burning sands of the desert.

Mr. H. E. Soule,
Publisher, Masonic Observer,
Minneapolis, Minn.

My Dear Noble Soule:

After a three weeks' absence on an itinerary through Maryland, Pennsylvania and other points, and thereupon reaching home with a severe cold which threatened acute mastoiditis, I finally recovered and am now at my desk, trying to finish up my mail.

I am very much interested in your letter of the 9th and clipping from the Minneapolis Morning Tribune. I am thoroughly outraged at the publishing of this article, particularly at this time. I have talked law and order, among other subjects, to 218,000 Nobles; have traveled 42,000 miles, and at every point they have applauded, with fezes off, my utterances along this line. I assure them that now we are doing big things for humanity, we must hold our heads up; be sober men and not do anything that will reflect on our great order.

Now comes advertisement of the steamer Alexander which will sail for San Francisco, and it is not done by Shriners, I know. It is done by the steamship company, endeavoring to offer that as an inducement, but it is reflecting on the Shrine and tells the world that the Shriners will be influenced by five bartenders and that the whiskey flag will fly on the steamer instead

of our own American flag, which stands for law and order and which is daily fighting against the daily use of alcoholic liquors; so I am determined if necessary to take out injunction before this steamer should sail, and put ban upon Shriners going.

I have written San Francisco, and I am trying to get hold of the authorities who published it, and where it emanated from, and we will have it corrected.

Assuring you of my hearty appreciation of your sending the clipping, and with all good wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours in the faith,

(Signed) E. A. CUTTS,
Imperial Potentate.

A telegram to the Imperial Potentate requesting permission to publish his letter brought the following reply:

March 27, 1922.
Savannah, Ga., 3.47 P 27.

H. E. Soule,
Publisher, Masonic Observer,
Minneapolis, Minn.

You have my permission to publish letter of the twenty-second. Steamship company denied publication and have guaranteed me that there will be no alcoholic liquors sold on the steamship Alexander. I have withdrawn my ban with this guarantee.

(Signed) E. A. CUTTS,
Imperial Potentate.

It is to be hoped that all exchanges will copy the letter and telegrams of Imperial Potentate E. A. Cutts for the special information of the Nobility, and that his splendid pronouncements in favor of law and order may be widely read by the Masonic Fraternity throughout the world.

FOR THE ELECT

AN old-time darkey candidate for the ministry was taking his "zamination" to preach.

"Who was Jezebel, Mose?"

"Jerseybell?" said Mose. "Jerseybell wuz de bes' woman in de Bible. She wuz married to John de Babtis.

"She wuz a-settin' in de high winder onst and Ahab cum ridin' erlong and sez he to her, sez he, 'Jerseybell, frow yosef down, and she frowed hersef down.

" 'Frow yosef down agin,' sez he. And she frowed herself down agin.

" 'Frow yosef down seben times,' sez he, and she frowed hersef down seben times.

" 'Frow yosef down sebenty times seben times,' and she done it; moreover de dogs cum and licked of her soars and dere wuz took up twelve baskets of fragments and his disciples cum and axed him, 'Lord, in de reseruxcum whose wife shall she be?'

"At's all about her."

———o———

OMAR

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon,
Turns ashes or it prospers, and anon
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two--is gone.

Think, in this batter'd caravanserai,
Whose portals are alternate night and day,
How sultan after sultan, with his pomp,
Abode his destined hour, and went his way.

And we that now make merry in the room
They left, and summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth
Descend--ourselves to make a couch--for whom?

MY MOTHER

She carried me under her heart.
She loved me before I was born.
She took God's hand in hers and walked through the valley of Shadows that I might live.
She bathed me when I was helpless.
She clothed me when I was naked.
She gave me warm milk from her own body when I was hungry.
She rocked me to sleep when I was weary.
She pillowed me on pillows softer than down, and sang to me in the voice of an angel.
She held my hand when I learned to walk.
She nursed me when I was sick.
She suffered with my sorrow.
She laughed with my joy.
She glowed with my triumph.
While I knelt at her side, she taught my lips to pray.
Through all the days of my youth she gave me strength for my weakness, courage for my despair, and hopes to fill my hopeless heart.
She was loyal when others failed.
She was true when tried by fire.
She was my friend when other friends were gone.
She prayed for me through all the days, when flooded with sunshine or saddened by shadows.
She loved me when I was unlovely, and led me into man's estate to walk triumphant on the King's Highway and play a manly part.
Though we lay down our lives for her, we can never pay the debt we owe to a Christian Mother.
God bless Our Mothers—living or dead. They are still our Mothers and the memory touches our hearts with tenderness and fills our eyes with mist and tears.

(The above poem can be had in postcard size, ready for mailing, at 35 cents per dozen, 5½x8½ inches, ready for framing, for 15 cents per copy.—NAKED TRUTH, P. O. Box 1687, Minneapolis, Minn.)

THE RICKARD CASE

IT is not our intention to handle in any way the Tex Rickard case of New York. We do not consider it fit for public reading or a matter for household comment.

We do, however, send a note of warning to the parenthood of the country that it is allowing its daughters the unattended freedom of the bathing beaches, the dance hall and the street loafing, commonly called shopping.

The beach, the dance hall and the downtown have their part in young life, but so long as the dormant motherhood of the country sits back and sends or allows to go the short-skirted, bare-legged, unlingeried "flapper" to "flap" alone and for herself, she need evince no surprise when she "flops."

The bait thus spread before the unprincipled man of warm blood is responsible for nine-tenths of the sex crimes against young girls.

Let that responsibility rest where it belongs, not with the man of the street, the beach or the dance hall; he is ofttimes a fairly decent fellow if he were not led on. The blame is not to be seated in the flapper, either, but in the mother at home, who either blindly or knowingly sends her daughter out conquering and to conquer.

It is motherhood's business to be alert, and the sod of the grave is the only end to that vigil.

She is responsible for her daughter; she should bear the blessing or the blame.

If the parents of delinquent daughters were given workhouse sentences instead of maudlin sympathy, there would be a revival of decency, law and order in the land.

This article is not written by an unmarried man or a "maiden lady," but by the father of sons and a daughter.

It is time we faced things.

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI

NEVER has a wiser or more constructive statement been made in the court room than that of the East Indian sedition leader recently sent to prison for six years by the British government.

The representative of the crown spoke in highest terms of the character and life of Gandhi; gave credit to his greatness and large humanitarian and patriotic work in behalf of his native India, but bespoke his confessed guilt as a seditionist before the bar of the British Crown.

In his response to the judge, Gandhi not only admitted his guilt in the eyes of England, but stated that if released he would continue to do the same thing. He continued in his address to the judge, "You cannot be lenient with me nor exercise mercy because I am who and what I am. It is your duty as a representative of the British Crown, either to set me free or give me the maximum sentence which the law provides."

It is only yesterday that a price was put on the head of Collins, the president of the Irish Free State, who has recently been summoned to London to confer with the prime minister of England on Irish affairs.

With men, not a few of the stamp of Gandhi in India, it would seem the better part of valor that the British government awoke to the fact that Indian patriots and not British traitors are being dealt with in India.

Britain might have in the Indian Ocean the same sort of a great friend as she possesses between the Atlantic and Pacific.

There is a time to shake hands and say, "Let us be friends and work together." And there does come a time when friendly interference shades into downright oppression and tyranny.

———o———

It were not best that we should all think alike; it is difference of opinion that makes horse races.

REMOVABLE RELIGION

AUNT ANISE PALMER had been given a black taffeta coat on condition that she would fry chicken during the entire week-end visit of Governor Joseph Folk to Maryville, Mo.

Anise looked with sacred awe at that black coat and "walked a queen" when she wore it.

One morning she was seen walking up the driveway with the coat on her arm.

"I ain't worthy to wear it; there it is, it belongs on one of God's own--I ain't worthy."

"Whats' the matter, Anise?"

"Well, I tell you, I wuz komin' home with a basket on my arm. I had some fish in it that I had ketched this mornin'. I met up with one of them lowdown Prather niggers and she said to me:

'Anise, what you got?'

" 'Fish,' I sez.

" 'Where'd you git um?' sez she.

" 'I ketched um,' sez I.

" 'You's a liar,' sez she.

"Umh-h-h-! Right then and there I lost my religion, I did. I took off my black taffety coat, and I folded her up and I sez to her, sez I, 'Lay there, religion, while I cleans this coon.' And I certainly cleaned her."

"Well, isn't it all over, Anise?"

"Thats' what she says, Lordy, she says she is through and done--d-u-n--done.

"That's what she is, done."

There is a line unseen by man
Which crosses every path.
The hidden boundary between
God's mercy and his wrath.

OLD HYMN.

KNOW THE TRUTH

WE are accustomed both to kicks and to kindness. We are like St. Paul in some respects, we leave undone much that should be done and do much that might better be let alone; we are as he was, confessedly, in our own minds, the chief of sinners, and we know how both "to abound" and to "be in want" when it comes to commendation.

We were hardly prepared for it, though, when at a recent Minneapolis church service, a pastor whom we do not know, have never met and whose church we have never attended, unsolicited and unknown to us took a copy of the Naked Truth into his pulpit, quoted from it, and asked his congregation of over six hundred to get the magazine and read it through, commending it and its work to them.

The magazine goes first each month to our little twelve-year-old daughter, whose mind we hope always to keep unsullied. That is our own testimonial to our cleanness of purpose.

We bow very, very low to our Minneapolis brother. We thank him on bended knee. With all the clean fun, sound sense, bulletproof philosophy and vision-giving story and anecdote we can muster, we will strive to be worthy to be read in jail and sanctuary, by crook and devotee, at home and on the road, by Jew, Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, black and white, wherever and whenever one wants just a peek at Naked Truth.

Read us through; You'll find our heart in each issue.

If you are a red-blooded American and will honestly give us a hearing, we know you will like us, for to tell you the truth, while we recognize our faults and try to eradicate them, we like ourselves.

Life in the living is good to us, and we try each month to give you a piece of our heart.

———o———

You can't drive a nail with a sponge no matter how many times you soak it.

MAN'S RIGHTS

MICHAEL O'TOOLE of the "owld sod" of Ireland, and later of Chicago, has his own definite ideas of personal liberty.

It seems that Michael had been exercising his mediaeval right of beating his wife.

They are not doing that in Chicago any more--that is, they are not bragging about it.

Michael informed Judge Haas that free or not there is more liberty in Ireland than in Chicago, for in Ireland he could not only beat his wife, but he didn't have to work, either.

By the last of April Michael will have had ample time, ere he meets Mrs. O'Toole again, to change his views to knowing that in America all men and some women, Mrs. O'Toole among them, have certain inalienable rights.

———o———

DIFFERENT METHODS

AS Saint Peter guarded the gate, an Englishman was seen to approach.

"What do you want here?"

"I'll take," said the Englishman, "forty acres of land. I think I can do well and be happy on that."

"All right, heres' the deed, enter in."

An Irishman followed close upon his heels.

"What do you want here?"

"Give me a check for eighty thousand dollars," said the Irishman. "I think I can get along and be happy on that."

"All right, heres' the check, enter in."

Then came a Hebrew close on his heels.

"What do you want here?"

"I'm going to make it easy on you," said the Hebrew. "Just give me fifty dollars in cash and that Irishman's address."

MYSELF AND ME

I'm the best pal I ever had,
I like to be with me;
I like to sit and tell myself
Things confidentially.

I often sit and ask me
If I shouldn't or I should,
And I find that my advice to me
Is always pretty good.

I never try to cheat myself,
I'm truthful as can be;
No matter what may come or go,
I'm on the square with me.

I've made a study of myself,
Compared with a lot;
And I've finally concluded
I'm the best friend that I've got.

Just get together with yourself,
And trust yourself with you,
And you'll be surprised how well
Yourself will like you if you do.

———o———

We do not print advertisements that are paid for. This one, however, we have carried in our mind so long we would like to lose it. We saw it in a street car years ago. We wish it on to you:

Oh the Ole-Goole Gog and the squeele jig hoss
Sing this squige in the googolon tree,
Heinz baked beans with tomato sauce
Are gum-bosstiferous enough for me.

Cash in, Mr. Pickle Man, cash in.

MARRIED?

MARY BAKER of Higginsville, Mo., an aged negress, could not possibly be more grossly insulted than to be called a married woman.

"Mary, are you married?"

"No, indeed I is not. I tell you again, I is a old maid, dat's what I is, a old maid."

"Well, Mary, where is the father of your three children?"

"Oh, lordy, I dont' know. One of um is down to St. Louis, 'nother down on the plantation in Loosana, and 'nother one I guess he is already daid."

———o———

He that likes a hot dinner, a warm welcome, new ideas, and old wine, will not often dine with the great.

———o———

QUESTION

Why must I travel alone on the long, dark road of years,
Spurning the kindness of friends, who try to assuage my tears,
Seeing the easier path, yet climbing over the hill,
Wasting my life and my strength at behest of a wayward will?
Port of desire I have none, darkness and night lie before,
Yet must I follow the call far and more far from the shore,
Fighting in vain against fate, longing to turn from the course,
Why must I always press on, prey to a merciless force,
Travelling ever alone, on the long, dark road of years,
Spurning the kindness of friends, who try to assuage my tears?

--G. H. M. HARDYMAN.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you; cry, and the world laughs at you.

CLEAN
BREEZY
POINTED
NAKED
TRUTHS

Straight from the Shoulder
Direct to the Heart

"As in water face answereth to face,
So the Heart of Man to Man"